

THE AGITATOR

A SEMI-MONTHLY ADVOCATE OF THE MODERN SCHOOL, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM

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NO. 15.

THE PASSING SHOW.

"War—What For?"

(Geo. R. Kirkpatrick, N. Y.)

This is one of the strongest indictments of war ever penned. It is a harsh book, for it tells harsh facts about the greatest curse of the human race. It is a book for the many, for it is written in a style that is simple and forceful. You cannot escape it. Its array of facts, its language, its plea, all grip one and holds him fast until he is convinced of the true nature of war and its terrible consequences.

Forty million lives were sacrificed in war in the last century by our alleged civilization.

Let the author summarize this history of slaughter:

"Forty million lives in one brief century slashed down by Mars, the 'glorious' god of battles.

"One Christian century—a festival of fiends, a loud ha, ha for hell.

"One Christian century—a gash in the breast of the working class.

"One Christian century—Mars and Caesar spitting in the face of the nobly peaceful Christ.

"One Christian century—a sea of blood.

"One Christian century—an ocean of tears.

"One Christian century—the butchering of brothers by brothers.

"One Christian century—a groan, a sigh, a sob."

The author quotes descriptions of actual war that are most appalling. The people have been fed with false pictures of war in the past. They have been shown the gilded heroes on dress parade.

That time is past, however. War will be seen as it is in the future, and the work will not be left to Socialists and Anarchists either. The author quotes from Richard Barry, who was with the Japanese at Port Arthur:

"Almost crazed by thirst and hunger, he (a wounded soldier unattended for days on the battlefield) at length severed the arteries of one of his comrades newly dead and lived on (that is, he sucked blood from a comrade's corpse). He found worms crawling in a wound in his leg. He tore up the shirt of a corpse and bound them. * * * No, the truth about war cannot be told. It is too horrible. The public will not listen. * * * They won't let us tell them the truth and show bowels ripped out, brains spilled, eyes gouged away, faces blanched with horror."

Our space will not permit us to do half justice to this book, if indeed it is possible in a review to convey an adequate conception of it. It must be read from cover to cover; and it should be read by every worker in the land.

War and the rumors of war are everywhere in the air. The United States is building battleships faster than schools. Conquest of markets for the surplus product of our toil is the pressing question of the hour in Wall street.

War makes bonds, and our silken mitted patriots have money to invest. War creates the need of ships that are rotten and beef that is embalmed, and our turtle-fed patriots have these articles to sell at a sacrifice to "our" government.

War turns the public eye from the commercial robber barons who fleece us, and enables them to enslave us still more.

War supplies a favorite means to reduce the army of unemployed to a reasonable size. For while the unemployed army is necessary to the perpetuation of the system of exploitation and graft we live under, the safety of this glorious regime depends upon our keeping that army down at a controllable size. For there is always the danger of these hungry and thirsty hounds, not of sucking the blood of dead fellow slaves, like the wounded Japanese soldier, but of them sucking the rich blood of our delicate skinned live capitalists.

War, in a word, is a capitalist necessity, and as soon as the workers refuse to take part in it its walls will topple to the ground. And what would the poor working class do without masters?

The price of this book is \$1.20, and may be had from The Agitator.

Mexico Still in Revolt.

Madero triumphantly entered the City of Mexico, hailed as liberator of the Mexican people. Three hundred thousand people lined the magnificent Juarez Ave. As the conquering hero's carriage proceeded there was a constant rain of flowers in his path and into his carriage, tossed alike by society women, Indians and Peons.

Thus the news dispatch reports the closing scene in the personal revolution of Francisco I. Madero.

Some time ago Madero was denounced by his comrades as a traitor to the real cause of the Mexican people. They discovered in him merely an ambitious, bourgeois opponent of Diaz, who wished only to displace that tyrant to make room for himself or one of his friends who would rule and enslave the working people as Diaz has done.

The real revolutionists left Madero and united with the Liberal party, with headquarters at Los Angeles, 519 Fourth St.

All I. W. W. men, Anarchists and Socialists, every man who wants to free the Mexican people from capitalism, are fighting with the Liberal party.

The prophecy of the Liberal party has come true. Madero has routed Diaz, and called off the war. The Revolutionists refuse to quit. They will fight until either they or capitalism is conquered.

"Until the natural resources of Mexico have been restored to the people for their free and equal use, the Mexican Liberal party will not lay down its arms."

I quote from a manifesto published by the International Committee of the party.

The newspapers published the following bit of important news directly after Madero won from Diaz:

"If the rebels of Lower California or other bands hitherto fighting independently do not lay down their arms, Madero's army will be used to suppress them."

Already a conflict has taken place, wherein the Liberal party soldiers defeated Madero's "revolutionists."

The Mexican Revolution is just where it was six months ago. The only change has been in the enemy which the Revolutionists have to meet. The real fight is yet to be won. And it behoves all friends of the cause to support the fight with money and men.

Church and State in Education.

Old Cardinal Gibbons was given two pages of the Sunday papers to tell the public it should turn around and go backwards.

It is a shame, he said, that people who send their children to private schools should be taxed to support the public schools; and I wonder if the old fossil has performed a miracle, and turned Anarchist. But immediately he says let the state turn over the public funds to the private schools.

This is the first bold stroke openly aimed at a union of church and state in this country. The Catholic church, which is shrewd enough to see the importance of "right" early training, has always galled under the weight of double school tax. And it is decidedly wrong that they should be taxed for what they do not want and do not use.

But it is no more wrong to tax a Catholic for public schools than to tax me for maintaining an army and navy and a thousand things I do not want.

The remedy is not in collecting the money and giving it back, as old moss-back Gibbons suggests, but it lies in the honest, square deal of not holding me up.

The state is a thief, a highway robber that takes my labor only because it is bigger than me. It cannot justify itself on any moral or ethical grounds.

The proper solution of the problem is, don't tax the Catholics for public education. And by the same token, don't tax the Anarchists for anything.

JAY FOX.

CRANKY NOTIONS

"There, now, you carpers! Always knocking government, the state, saying no good could come out of Zazareth. Don't you see what the Supreme Court of the United States has done? It freed Gompers, Morrison and Mitchell, it busted the Standard Oil Co., it—it—oh, what else did it do? Well, anyway, it is doing good. And see the laws that are being passed in the interest of the people!" And then the governmental swell up with the notion that the anarchist is quelled. But he doesn't know that all this is like one tearing out his own bad work in the attempt to make it good. And in trying to make it good, if it really be an honest try, the job is only a botch.

The newspapers have a dearth of readable matter because they are owned by Moloch, who, with his insane stare, sees naught interesting but news of gold and the getting of gold, the getting of gold without digging for it. But why not? Doesn't he see that sweat and sorrow and discomfort and even degradation follow the digging? Hey! you digger. Get the dust out of your fool eyes and see how you're digging but deepens your industrial grave!

JO. LABADIE.

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THE AGITATOR does not bear the union stamp because it is not printed for profit. But it is union, every letter of it. It is printed and published by unionists and their friends for the economic and political education of themselves and their fellow toilers. Much of the labor is given free. On the whole it is a work of love—the love of the idea, of a world fit for the free.

To have Freedom is only to have that which is absolutely necessary to enable us to be what we ought to be, and to possess what we ought to possess.

THE LOVE OF LIBERTY.

Instinctively every living thing loves liberty. You may pierce a fly with a needle, and he will flit about unconscious of the wound. But press that needle into the table and the fly goes frantic to secure its liberty. Some years ago, upon the Holstein Ranch in California, three little orioles were taken from a nest and confined within a bird cage. No sooner was this done, than the mother bird appeared and tried to liberate her young. Failing in this, she flew away and brought to her incarcerated babies a sprig of the deadly larkspur. In a few minutes those three fledglings with foaming mouths lay dead in the bottom of the cage. If the mother bird could not free her young, then she preferred to kill them.

THE LAW AND ITS SOURCE.

Nothing is more certain, says D. D. Horne, in Revolt, than that political power depends upon economic power. It is a truism. Does anyone doubt that the Republican party owes its victories to Wall Street financiers? Does anyone doubt that that party is the avowed representative of those financiers? And does anyone doubt that the laws made in Washington and in every State Capital—except in States where revolt has been successful—are dictated by those same Wall Street financiers? Since economic power determines political power, it follows naturally that the class holding the economic power makes the laws.

So the laws are made by the supreme power of the State, the ruling class. It is the solemn expression of their will, and it is right. They have so determined. Everything else is wrong.

This joker was not cleverly concealed by Blackstone. Law, he said, is prescribed by the supreme power in a state, because legislation is the greatest act of superiority that can be exercised by one being over another. Thus he betrays that the legislators whom we have always supposed to be our servants, really exercise acts of superiority over us, and further, that is how the law comes into existence—by acts of superiority. Our servants become our masters, because they are the creatures of the real economic power.

And so the law is the creature of economic determinism. A clear conception of this truth must completely revolutionize one's conception of law. We must see that it is in the true sense immoral, because it makes for the unhappiness of the vast majority of mankind. We must see that it is the framework of conserva-

tism. It can progress only as economic power changes hands. We must see that it is superficial. It is like a cork tossed on the waves in the sea of economic determinism. It is a system of rules to preserve present conditions. We can see that, because we can see that the masters are satisfied with the present organization of society. We can see clearly that it is the instrument of all oppression. Oppression has always been conducted in the name of the law. Witness the cruelty with which the early Christians were tormented in the name of the law; with which the early Protestants were burned at the stake in the name of the law; with which the inquisition was conducted, and with which slaves were driven in our own country, all in the name of the law.

We must observe that the law is founded entirely upon past and present conditions, and does not look to the future. It is obsolete before it comes into existence. It is a burden imposed by one generation upon another. This burden is assumed by suffrage, because of the ignorance and stupidity of the people, who worship the municipal law.

For it is a religion—a superstition more general and more completely false than any other in history. Unlike other religions, instead of looking to the future, it looks to the past. Statutes and precedents of former generations constitute the body of our law. These, being in writing, are the Bible, or the Koran of the legal religion. They constitute a better instrument to keep the people in ignorance than the Latin Bible. Sixteen thousand written laws, in a mass, comprise what the layman must know to keep out of trouble; yet ignorance of the law is no excuse. Here is one religion, at least, which is compulsory. Every layman must have his lawyer, who is a priest, to propitiate the great god of interpretation, strict or loose as is convenient. The lawyer, who is the priest, is respected and honored and well paid. He keeps his client on the other side of the room, has his little altar covered with big, thick, yellow books. He talks in a deep, heavy voice, as if he were very important. But he quakes with fear in the presence of the high priest, the judge, whom he worships. And each judge, in turn, quakes in the presence of a higher judge, until we reach the Supreme Court Justices, who look down upon everybody. Why shouldn't they? They make and unmake the law. Legislators and executive officers are merely ministerial officers, who do the bidding of the justices. They must be consulted before any law is passed, because they, with a word, can render it void and impossible. Yet they, secretly, look up to the mysterious beings who represent the economic power of the state, and they, at the top of the organization of the religion, clearly recognize the real and true god whom they worship, the god of economic power.

But the religion is tottering. The people are beginning to understand these things. They are beginning to find out that their labor creates all wealth, and that they hold the real economic power of the state in their own hands; that it consists in their unity and co-operation, and that when they bring these two conditions about, the present economic power, founded on deceit and disorganization, shall vanish. Then will the law also disappear, and in its place shall come co-operative organization of all the people for the benefit of all the people.

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THE CROOKEDNESS OF JUSTICE.

There is no such thing as a fair and impartial trial.

It is a sombre robed lie.

It is a delusion and a snare.

In a coercive government which arrays class against class it cannot be. Listen and you shall hear.

Lately in the City of the Golden Potlatch, a man half starved for three weeks, subsisting upon odd short jobs and sharing his meagre fare with an aged mother. The "proof" showed that taking a longer journey afoot and looking for a chance to slave, he had fallen down an embankment and wrenched his back. Dragging his wretched body to a nearby farm house he sought to beg. There was no one at home. Starvation was upon him in an advanced stage. His circulation in its demand for subsistence had begun to absorb the marrow which Mother Nature had providently stored in the hollow of his bones. He broke into the house and ate of the milk and bread and eggs before him. He had never before been charged with "crime." He was given a "fair" trial by one of Seattle's most impartial judges. He is now on the way to the penitentiary. His aged mother—

Then, too, there were, in the last year two men tried for misuse of the mails to obtain money. One was an Italian workingman charged with one indictment. The maximum penalty was five years. He got the five and is now in the penitentiary. The other was a real estate shark whose specialty the "proof" showed was in bilking the poor. He was charged under thirteen indictments. The maximum penalty was 65 years. He got two and one-half years, but is NOT in the penitentiary.

Both of these men were given "fair" trials by the same court.

The working class were content that the Chicago Anarchists should have a "fair" trial. They are dead.

In the Haywood case, the workers in the North, in the South, in the East and the West, would have none of the "fair trial" chloroform, but quietly determined that he should not hang. I was on the staff of a widely circulated paper, very active in his behalf, and I knew well the real temper of the workers. Many of us took the position that he was innocent even if guilty, because a state of war obtained which justified him in acting upon the principle, well recognized in warfare, of retaliation, if, in fact, he did with others the death of Steunenberg conspire.

Haywood is very much alive.

In the McNamara case let us again so resolve, and let us have done with the ebon panoply and gorgeous bunk men miscall "justice."

BRUCE ROGERS.

THE RIGHTS OF THE HORSE

II.

The first of rights, the right of existence, which no civilized society will recognize for laborers, is possessed by horses. The colt, even before birth, while still in the fetus state, begins to enjoy the right to existence. His mother, when her pregnancy has scarcely begun, is discharged from all work and sent into the country, to fashion the new being in peace and comfort; she remains near him to suckle him and teach him to choose the delicious grasses of the meadow, in which he gambols till he is grown.

The moralists and politicians of the "Rights of Man" think it would be monstrous to grant

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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Swing inward, O Gates of the Future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the Past!
For the soul of the people is moving
And rising from slumber at last;
The black forms of night are retreating.
The white peaks have signaled the day,
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered
And trod down the wounded and slain,
While the war of the Old Time have thundered
And men poured their life-tide in vain;
The day of its triumph is ending,
The evening draws near with its doom,
And the star of its strength is descending
To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display,
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kisses of day;
While our fellows are treated as cattle
That are muzzled when treading the corn,
And millions sink down in life's battle
With a sigh for the day they were born.

Swing inward, O Gates! till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains of gold,
Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the Old.
Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view,
Nor the lands He prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbed by the few.

—JAMES G. CLARK.

such rights to the laborers; I raised a tempest in the Chamber of Deputies when I asked that women, two months before and two months after confinement, should have the right, and the means, to absent themselves from the factory. My proposition upset the ethics of civilization, and shook the capitalist order. What an abominable abomination—to remand for babies the right of colts.

As for the young proletarians, they can scarcely trot on their little toes before they are condemned to hard labor in the prisons of capitalism, while the colts develop freely under kindly nature; care is taken that they be completely formed before they are set to work, and their tasks are proportioned to their strength with a tender care. This care on the part of the capitalists follows them all through their lives.

We may still recall the noble indignation of the capitalist press when it learned that the omnibus company was using peat and tannery waste in its stalls as a substitute for straw; to think of the unhappy horses having such poor litters! The more delicate souls of the bourgeoisie have in every capitalist country organized societies for the protection of animals, in order to prove that they can not be excited by the fate of the small victims of industry. This same omnibus company, which works its laborers from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, requires from its dear horses only from five to seven hours. It has bought green meadows, in which they may recuperate from fatigue or indisposition. Its policy is to expend more for the entertainment of a quadruped than for the paying the wages of a biped.

It has never occurred to any legislator, nor to any fanatical advocate of the "Rights of Man" to reduce the horse's daily pittance, in order to provide a retreat that would be of service to him only after his death. The Rights of Horses have not been posted up; they are "unwritten rights," as Socrates called the laws implanted by nature in the consciousness of all men.

Laborers of all crafts, you who toil so hard to create your poverty in producing the wealth

of the capitalists, arise, arise! Since the buffoons of parliament unfurl the Rights of Man, do you boldly demand for yourselves, your wives and your children the Rights of the Horse.—Paul Lafargue.

The Impossibility of an Anarchist Program.

Perhaps the questions put more often than any other to the active Anarchist are: "What are you Anarchists really doing? Have you no platform or program? Have you no organization?"

Usually the questioner has read some of the history of radical movements, and looking back on an accomplished fact the issues appear clear-cut and definite. Or it may be the questioner is a Socialist, Single Taxer, or one who sees the hopelessness of political action. But the workings of Anarchism seem too vague; there is no clear-cut program, and, having in mind the platforms and organizations of the old parties and the many hackneyed phrases of the Socialist he wonders why we do not classify our issues in a wordy platform.

Anarchism is not an organized movement; it is a trend. It is too broad for a platform, and too inclusive to label this or that idea only as anarchistic.

As an Anarchist I recognize the relativity of all things, the feasibility of every idea, and know that temperament, individuality, environment are factors in the make-up of every human being, that cannot be scientifically codified or regulated; so I do not try and hence have no definite organization to hamper my individual interpretation of the things that count in my life, or the method of receiving them.

With mental growth comes a multiplying of one's various moods, or I might say personalities, and so what in one combination of circumstances would appear vital or enjoyable, in another combination would appear to me trivial.

This being so I surely cannot lay down any rule of action for another when I myself find none that will be always applicable to my own use. If I cannot lay down an infallible rule of personal action I am surely not in a position to codify social or mass actions. A realization of this fact seems to prevent the possibility of a definite plan of working or a platform without which a party organization is not feasible.

Without a written platform or a clearly defined program it is not to be wondered at that to many Anarchism appears vague and our activity nil. Men have so long depended on the crutches of organization and platform that even today the most emancipated in an argument will quote Kropotkin, Marx, Stirner or Nietzsche with an air of final assurance that is ludicrous when you realize that these same men and women do not believe in authority, and when we stop to think that every form, ceremony, creed, law and organization has originated in man's fears to stand alone—to be a law unto himself—to take the initiative—it is easy to see why man's materialism will assert itself even in the highest realms of idealism.

Were I to epitomize the work and spirit of Anarchism I would need but one word—"Freedom."

Every movement that tends toward freedom is our movement, and the world of thought and action today is ablaze with revolt as a result of the works of the Anarchist who realizes that platforms like creeds are incompatible with freedom—that all life is in flux and that we are all experimentalists.

S. T. HAMMERSMARK.

Says Church Are Subsidized by the Rich.

"The Church today is largely confined to one class of society and is pretty thoroughly class conscious," says Bishop Williams of Michigan in the June number of *The American Magazine*.

"It not only confines its work mostly to the respectable classes, but it puts itself in a position of dependence on the well-to-do. It accepts without question the 'tainted money' of 'wealthy malefactors' and inscribes their names over the doors of its houses of worship and its institutions of education and charity, fawns upon them with the grace upon its lips 'for what we are about to receive the Lord make us duly thankful,' and often muzzles the mouths of the prophets lest they offend the sources of munificence and check the steams of bounty upon which it depends. It regularly applies a different and strict standard of morals to the beggar who shall be deemed worthy of its charity than it does to the patron who sits in the front seat in the church, the vestry and the ecclesiastical legislature. This is an offense not only to the spirit of democracy, but to the new conscience of the age."

THE WORKERS' UNIVERSITY.

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AN APPEAL TO THE WORLD'S WORKERS

From the first, Madero's sole aim has been political; the substitution of his government for that of Diaz.

From the first the Mexican Liberal party's sole aim has been economic; the substitution of economic liberty for slavery.

Madero belongs to one of Mexico's wealthiest families, which owns approximately 5,000,000 acres of land. That very fact constitutes him a member of the slave-holding class; for the enslavement of Mexico has been accomplished by depriving the people of their land and conferring it on syndicates and wealthy capitalists.

The Mexican Liberal party grasped this economic fact at its inception, and nine years ago adopted as its motto, "Land and Liberty."

Madero—allied to the land owners and the Catholic church—necessarily opposes the Mexican Liberal party. He claims that he will govern Mexico wisely, but he has no conception of making the Mexicans self-governing by helping them to economic independence.

Madero has used for his own political advancement the following of the Mexican Liberal party, taking advantage of the long imprisonment of its most prominent members at the behest of Diaz and the money powers. By lavish use of money, wrung from helpless tenants and employes, he has transformed, for the moment, an economic revolution into a political, allegedly reform crusade.

Much blood has been shed, and will be shed, in the revolution now convulsing Mexico. Much money has been spent, and is being spent; immense sacrifices have been made and are being made. It would be lunacy to permit them to be wasted on a mere change of presidents and cabinets.

Throughout the world the masses are calling for deeds, not words; for bread in the stomach, not talk from the tribune; for actual well-being, here and now. With this world-wide movement the Mexican Liberal party is aligned. Events have forced it to fight in the front rank, and there it will continue to fight.

We applaud this resolution of the Mexican Liberal party and seek to render it more effective by enlisting the co-operation of the world-wide army of revolt. We appeal to the disinherited of every nation and to all who instinctively rebel against human slavery.

The Mexican Revolution must go on until it has won for the people economic independence. Its success will clear the road for the advance of all nations. Its failure will mean a setback full of suffering.

At present the workers of other nationalities do not grasp the situation. They must be brought to understand it; brought to comprehend clearly that the success of the Mexican Revolution is of the utmost importance to them collectively and individually; brought to see that it may prove as vital to their interests as was the French Revolution.

For this combined work is required. A vast propaganda must be set on foot and pushed persistently. Funds must be secured and secured in large amounts. The hands of the Mexican Liberal party must be upheld at all and every cost, just as the capitalists of the world are upholding Madero's hands.

RECEIPTS

Reitman, \$10; Gerome, \$3; Silverberg, \$3; Allen, Werle, Contratto, Todd, Edelstat, Weik, Maryson, Wassilefsky: each \$1. Classner, 65 cents; Lippard, 25 cents.

NEW BOOKS

Mary Wollstonecraft (The John Lane Co.)

Mary Wollstonecraft was the first woman to voice the demand for freedom for her sex, the first woman to demand freedom for both halves of the human family. She died a hundred and fourteen years ago, yet her "Vindication of the Rights of Women" is so thorough in its philosophy and so radical in its treatment of the subject that it might have been written by one of the most radical women of today.

This brilliant pioneer of the radical movement is too little known by the radicals of today, and it is hoped this new biography by G. R. S. Taylor will help to create for her life and work the interest they so well deserve.

I quote from Current Literature: "No one," says her biographer, "has denied to Mary Wollstonecraft the title of pioneer. If anyone struck out a new path, beyond all manner of doubt she did. . . . Many think, and say very vigorously, that it must end in fire and brimstone, and a few have more hopeful views. But a new path it certainly was; indeed, so new that it still remains untrodden by the large majority. In other words, this pioneer of the eighteenth century is still clearing a way for the twentieth."

Mary Wollstonecraft did not confine her talent exclusively to the vindication of her sex. Like Thomas Paine, she was intensely aroused by Edmund Burke's attack on the French Revolution, and wrote a dashing and brilliant essay entitled "A Vindication of the Rights of Man." This was written in advance of her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and was the first published answer to the reactionary Burke's defense of Royalty.

The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche, by Daniel Halevy (The MacMillan Co.)

Nietzsche is, perhaps, the greatest influence in modern literature. The presses of every country are busy turning out books about him. Every country has a Nietzschean cult. To the young generation of authors he is a profound inspiration. He appeals to the untamed rebellious spirit of youth.

Nietzsche disturbed the solemn serenity and maudlin conventionality of the literary world. His books were bombs that exploded with a flash of fire which not only broke up old conceptions of life, but blazed the way for the new and saner ideals.

He was the great iconoclast. He hated idols and idol worshippers, and lashed them unmercifully. Yet he worshipped at the shrine of the new idol of his own creation—the superman.

His superman may have been merely a symbol of progress, typifying the future; an ideal to be striven for but never reached. At all events, the overman has made an indelible impression on the world of thought, and his creator, whether we regard him as poet, profound or mad philosopher, will be written down as one of the greatest writers of the 19th century.

The author of the volume under review is a Frenchman, with the keen perception of his race for the great and good. The race that first recognized our own still neglected genius, Poe. He deals more with the man than his philosophy, and he keeps his own opinions out of the way. The volume is a valuable addition to the literature of biography.

THE AGITATOR excursion was a very fine and successful affair. A complete report will appear in next issue.

THE NEW SOCIAL SPIRIT

Some time, some where, when the social spirit is more fully developed, the rule of trade will be, I imagine, not how little you may give the other fellow for what he gives you, but how little you can take for what he gives, or how much you can grant for what is received. Even now, I believe were I in business I should try this rule of making price as low as possible. Of course, the equitable rule is that cost should be the price of everything. I am fully convinced were this the rule of trade we would not bother ourselves with competition, monopoly, co-operation or any other related subject. It would not matter whether wages, salaries, division of profits or any other way of dividing product prevailed. Who was employer or who employe wouldn't "cut any ice." But men don't see the immense possibilities underlying this simple rule. They do not realize that all great things are in fact simple when understood and that complexity is but evidence of our ignorance.

How costly ignorance is! Did we know how to regulate population, how to work together with the least friction and, consequently, attaining the greatest results, how true it is that justice and freedom are the most effective, lubricants to the wheels of happiness—how beautiful this world would be! People would not then waste good time and money preparing for a heaven after death. This energy would develop to its highest possible point heaven here and now.

JO. LABADIE.

Mankind traded its freedom for the gaudy gown of comfort, and is now beginning to realize it hasn't got either.

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